

A Perilous Encounter

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

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TWO lonely hours to face and then that brother of hers would be here.

Ah! there were those sounds again! The girl sprang to her feet, shivering considerably upsetting the equilibrium and dignity of the yellow cat.

"What a goose I am!" she declared, resolutely returning to the arm-chair.

"It's only the Post, with its account of the Wilson robbery, that has filled my mind with burglars. I won't look at the horrid paper again."

Yet now, as she was so sooner continually sorted than she took up that treasured sheet and with true interest and interestlessness—willing to meet people again from other lands far away.

"There's made a clean sweep of me in three trips. There goes the last of the debris of our mutual interests, nothing is left but ash."

Silence again, and then—she made up her thoughts of the book and her brother still as he lay in his chair, his head held high, his hands clasped behind his head, his eyes closed.

The girl's heart beat fast, her hands clenched in her lap, her eyes fixed on the floor, her fingers interlaced.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you Americans would make such a fuss over a mere title." His "title" did he mean his sonorous, his silas?"

All well, she said repressing an inclination to laugh, "you're a notorious character, you know."

"I'm afraid you were hard up," she continued, hesitatingly. "I know nothing but pressing need of money would have brought you here to-night, and I want you to let me help you out." She continued emphatically, warming to her scheme. "I'm going to make you a fair and square proposal. I'll give you the things instead of your—er—take them! These rings, for instance (she was stripping her between her fingers) "and this bracelet ought to be worth something in ready money." She held them out to him with an inviting smile, but the burglar receded, his face working strangely.

"Are you mad?" he said in quick, steely tones, "or is this one of your American jokes?"

"Of course it isn't," the girl protested indignantly. "I'm in dead earnest; and this far's all nearly all that I want to give you. We've some old family silver hidous but valuable, and lots of other things that I'm going to get very minute."

"I'm afraid there was a mistake somewhere," confessed a well-known voice.

The girl gave a great start. In the doorway, behind Tom, stepping over his tall shoulders, appeared an unmistakable figure in gray tweeds.

He was coming towards her. As in a dream her hands were taken in a firm, friendly grasp. "So glad to meet Tom's sister," said a familiar voice. "I really feel as if I knew you already."

"As do I," she faltered, her eyes meeting his. "I'll admit, 'and yet I don't even know your name.'

"I know," he said, "your brother, Tom, he made a formal introduction. Myself allowing me to present to you Lord Hutchinson, master of Her Majesty's Household and the earl of Dumbell."

TELPHONE GIRL'S TRAINING.

Little speech). "Now, take my advice, and be on the lookout for a nice, thrifty young woman, some one who'll take care of you and look after your savings."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the burglar.

He stopped abruptly, his words cut short by the distant shriek of an engine that suddenly filled the room.

"The 11:30 express!" ejaculated the girl. "Tom has arrived."

"Your brother?" repeated the burglar incredulously, "already?"

"Yes!"—she said, earnestly. "I can't help being sorry for you when I think of the dangerous life you are leading, the awful risk you run. To think that she clasped her hands excitedly) that at any moment you may be captured. Haven't you found out that you are a tremendous catch?"

The burglar raised his eyebrows a trifle. "I confess," he began thickly, "that thought has never occurred to me before."

A few seconds and incredulous his tone fell. His heart beat fast and thick, thinking he could he did not realize just how Tom's brother man, a man on his hand! He was sure to be caught.

"About midnight," she blurted out, "that the alarm bell is on your door from home in all the papers. It is a disgrace of you have been doing."

For the man only stared at her. Manfully he stood and then burst out laughing.

"Now you are chaffing me," he declared. "You're not to know. I can't believe that you Americans would make such a fuss over a mere title." His "title" did he mean his sonorous, his silas?"

All well, she said repressing an inclination to laugh, "you're a notorious character, you know."

"I'm afraid you were hard up," she continued, hesitatingly. "I know nothing but pressing need of money would have brought you here to-night, and I want you to let me help you out." She continued emphatically, warming to her scheme. "I'm going to make you a fair and square proposal. I'll give you the things instead of your—er—take them! These rings, for instance (she was stripping her between her fingers) "and this bracelet ought to be worth something in ready money." She held them out to him with an inviting smile, but the burglar receded, his face working strangely.

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Work That Demands Good Ears and the Greatest Attention to Duty.

But a switchboard does not make an exchange. Centra without the telephone will be more void than Hamlet without Ophelia. Yet she belongs to a more or less definite type, the "housewife." No nervous girl need apply as a telephone exchange. The strain and stress of eight hours' intense concentrated attention to the demands of the switchboard call for coolness and poise.

The girl who has the telephone buzzing within her bonnet seeks the general manager, and if first put through a searching test for general fitness—sight, hearing, quickness, deportment. If satisfactory she is turned over for training to the operations inspector. For the first week she does nothing but attach her headphones to an experienced operator's position and listen. It takes that time to learn to distinguish the dozen and one confusing sounds that crowd into her receiver. The next two weeks she puts her observation in practice, with an experienced operator always at her elbow. By the end of the third week the tracks have been beaten out in her brain cells by incessant use, and connections are made automatically.

The joy of the full-fledged telephone girl is by no means an unenviable one. Her work demands undivided attention, but custom eases the strain. The great telephone companies are in the forefront of the modern movement for improved working conditions. Every girl is given a half-hour intermission morning and afternoon to lounge in the rest-room and read or gossip as she will. For the rare cases of nervous complaint a hospital room is provided under a matron's care. Moreover, there is a dining-room, where a very substantial lunch is furnished the girl free except for a slight charge for deposit or other extras. A large corps of substitutes provides relief for the relay of girls on intermission or at lunch.

British Ambassador Arrives.

New York, Nov. 30.—Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the new British ambassador to the United States, arrived on the steamer *Etruria*. Lady Durand and Miss Amy Durand will follow him in about a fortnight. Other passengers were C. John Ritchie, son of the former English chancellor of the exchequer, and Charles Ritchie, son of the late mayor of London.

Father Accidentally Shot His Son.

Altavista, Pa., Dec. 1.—While George Simeltzer and his son, Garrison, aged 16, of Roaring Springs, were out hunting near their home, the father tripped over a log and his gun was discharged. The ball entered the son's abdomen, fatally injuring him.

[SEAL.] T. P. KANE,

Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the

Currency. 10-29-81.

Send us a cow,

Sheep, Bull or Horse

Hide, Calf skin, Dog

skin, or any other kind

of skin, or skin, and let

us tan it with the hair

on, soft, light, odorless

and moth-proof forrore,

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bag and instructions, so as to

avoid mistakes. We also buy

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This signature, G. H. Grove

is the southern editor are now demanding

"Jim Crow" public librarians.

Smallpox of Republics.

The smallest of all republics is that of Tavolara, established in the island of

that name off the coast of Sardinia. It

has a population of fewer than 60, including the president and his congress of six.

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